

BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

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A TRUE KANSAS STORY.

Here is What Actually Occurred in Bourbon County Some Time Ago.



TALKING of real Kansas stories, a correspondent of the Mail and Breeze, tells the following: Along in the war period there lived near Fort Scott a farmer whom I shall call McCurdy—for the same reason given for the same license by somebody else—because that was not his name. He had a large family of good, healthy, rosy-cheeked children, such as are always found where work and ozone are plentiful. McCurdy was of a hot, irascible temper—had shot a soldier of the garrison here who got too fresh, and was promptly acquitted of any criminal intent in doing so. His claim was about five miles from Fort Scott, and was improved to the extent of a native lumber house, an incipient orchard which never got to the fruit-bearing stage, and a prairie hay stable. One of his daughters, Kate, was at that time a girl of 16 or 17.

McCurdy, after a trip to town one afternoon, came home in a testy humor. His mules didn't travel to suit him. The roads were rougher than usual. The piece of fence board used for a seat (spring seats were used exclusively by the bloodless aristocrats at that time) was harder than usual.

On his arrival home Kate came out to help him take care of his team. She, like everything else, was not up to his standard of efficiency. After a few forcible suggestions, which finally grew to angry reprimands, he lost all patience and told her so frankly. He dropped the trace chain which he was in the act of hanging on the top of the hame of the off mule and proceeded to give her a few hasty instructions. He got a good-sized sprout from a peach tree and trounced her soundly.

Kate was of that age—not a child and not quite a woman—when girls don't take kindly to things of that kind. She moped off to the house and, as the folks were all away, put on her sun-bonnet and slipped out into the big road and started westward.

About a half mile west of her home, as she walked along rubbing her eyes with her apron and caring little where she went or what became of her, she was noticed by Tom Carpenter, a sturdy young farmer whose claim adjoined her father's and who was on friendly terms with the family. He asked where she was going. Not receiving a satisfactory answer and noticing that she was crying, he left his team at the stable and came to her. After a deal of questioning on his part and a deal of rubbing of eyes on her part, he learned the facts. His suggestions of the danger she was running into by leaving home, as well as his advice that she return, were scorned. She had stood that kind of treatment as long as she could. She wouldn't stand it any longer. She didn't care where she went nor what became of her—she was not going back home.

After exhausting his persuasive powers in that direction a bright idea struck Tom Carpenter. Thoughts akin to it may have struck him before, but now it came to him with a nice, healthy opportunity right close at its heels. He had a good claim, pretty well improved. He was a single man and ought to have a wife. That last fact was indisputable.

Now Tom Carpenter was a bashful man. He was old enough and big enough to look out for himself in business matters. Though he was a peaceable, good-natured fellow; if any of the neighboring settlers had come to him really in search of trouble he would have been accommodated in short order. He wasn't afraid of any man alive. But the presence of this girl and the presence of the aforesaid bright idea upset his coolness. His ability to give good advice suddenly left him. He grew all at once silent and unsympathetic. He blushed till his face was as red as Kate's eyes. Why he blushed I can't tell, can you? But he did. This great, big, husky fellow, who would tackle a pair of unbroken Texas steers fresh from the range, actually blushed and hesitated and like Lowell's hero,

"He stood a spell on one foot fast
Then stood a spell on t'other,
And on which one he felt the worst
He couldn't ha' told you neither."

He finally screwed his courage up, however. Here was the young woman

and now was the time. With his new found courage he blurted out, "Kate, if you won't go home, why not let's get married?" After a startled stare from her eyes, red with crying and the rubbing, she dried her tears, and as if she saw the silver lining through the rift in her cloud of trouble, she answered, "Tom I'll do it."

Within four minutes by the watch Tom's mules were hitched to the wagon again and started toward Marmaton, where a justice of the peace placed Kate in a position where she could forever defy any living map to use a peach sprout on her again, except Tom Carpenter. And to his credit I want to say that he never did. It may also be said to her credit that she never needed it.

Out on that same claim, still called the Carpenter farm, because that is not the name of the man who has always owned it, where Tom made such a short and effective wooing, there is now a family of as fine, intelligent and good boys and girls as can be found in Kansas. No more highly respected family can be found in the state than that presided over by Tom and Kate of the early times.

All of which leads me to remark by way of moral that there is nothing on earth like the virtue of a peach sprout, when applied at the proper time.

A Carriage Emporium.

The Great Bend Implement Co. has put in a stock of carriages, buggies, and carts, etc., in the store room second door south of Hoopers, on Main street, where they have on display some very neat and servicable vehicles, to which they invite public attention. This firm is constantly enlarging their business to accommodate the very flattering custom they are securing through fair dealing and good goods in all the lines they handle. Call and see their elegant display of vehicles.

Deal With Home Men.

It is a good plan in anything you want to buy, but especially so when buying nursery stock. I know my trees are all good, and you know I am here to back up my claims for them. When in need of any kind of nursery stock—Apple, Pear, Cherry, Plum, Apricot, any kind of fruit trees or shrubs, call and see my stock. This is the kind of a season to put out trees and shrubbery; they will be sure to get a good start. Call and see my stock.

Great Bend Nurseries.

C. Q. NEWCOMB, Prop.

We would advise every young man and every young woman who contemplates the study of law, whether for the purpose of entering upon the practice of it as a profession, or for mental culture, or as a groundwork for a general business career, to write the Sprague Correspondence School of Law, 597 Telephone Building, Detroit, Mich., for particulars with reference to their method of conducting the study in this branch by mail. This School has made a wonderful success of the correspondence system as applied to the law. Particulars are furnished by the School free for the asking. If any of our readers write for particulars we would request them to mention this paper in connection with their inquiry.

Keep an eye on your oil lamps, or else use electric lights. The Topeka Journal says: "Mrs. Bell Triplett of 2210 Kansas avenue was painfully burned last evening. Her little girl pulled a lighted coal oil lamp from a table, setting fire to the carpet and the table spread. Mrs. Triplett endeavored to extinguish the flames and burned both hands. The fire department put out the fire before any considerable damage was done." See W. B. Grimes for prices on electric lights.

As will be seen by our Pawnee Rock department this week we have secured, as agent for the DEMOCRAT at that place, Mr. M. E. Heynes, who will take pleasure in taking your order for advertising or printing of any kind. He is also authorized to receive subscriptions and collect any accounts for the paper. We feel we have been exceptionally fortunate in securing his assistance, and hope to make the paper more universally acceptable by reason hereof.

MUSICIANS.—I want a class to take instructions on the violin. Prefer to have six to start with. Ask for particulars of Fred Zutavern, or at DEMOCRAT office. Address, Ambrose Baier, Seward, Kansas. 8-11

D. Hower, formerly one of our substantial Dunkard farmers of Barton county, but now of McPherson county, has been here the past few days, shaking hands with old friends.

BANQUET OF KNIGHTS.

Great Bend Knights of Pythias Entertain a Few Friends, and Have a Royal Good Time.



OF COURSE it is not necessary to state that the Knights of Pythias of Great Bend know how to have a good time when they lay themselves out to do so—the simple fact that they have won the golden spurs guarantees that they will generally have the best that is going.

Last Thursday evening the lodge of this city, having work in the rank of Knight, and wishing to be neighborly and to broaden their usefulness invited Knights from neighboring towns to visit here. Those in attendance from other places were: From Pawnee Rock—C. W. Vosburg, W. E. Clemson, Newt Smith, Adam Sprier, Kelso Clark and H. T. Ratcliffe.

From Ellinwood—Henry Langfeld, Louis Hegen, D. E. Willms, and John Grant.

Larned—Bert Porter.

Lacon, Ills.—Frank Martin.

About fifty of the Great Bend Knights participated with the visitors in an elegant banquet, and several hours were profitably spent in brotherly intercourse. George Turner, in the grocery department of the New York Store, was given the gilt edged trimmings peculiar to the third, or rank of Knight, and turned out a full fledged member.

Our neighboring brothers who were invited and did not come—well, they missed it—and that's no lie.

While going home from church last Sunday night a reporter for the DEMOCRAT saw a ship—one of the substantial, old fashioned kind. As we looked to the east the moon came dodging up over the top of the trees in LaFayette park, and at that moment the ship was revealed. It had two young people in it, a handsome Miss with a new Easter bonnet, and an attractive youth in a new spring suit. The ship was one that has sailed the world over, and in which the occupants are always happy and, for the time, contented. It was a court-ship.

"Dad" Delaplane did not run up against Fitzsimmons, nor a buzz saw, nor the business end of a mule, although the present dilapidated condition of his once benign countenance might lead you to think so. Saturday a fractious horse assisted in tipping the street sprinkler over, with "Dad" on top of it, and when he jumped off various other loose things came off also, and the knock-out event which Mr. Delaplane's features so forcibly illustrate, came off also.

I. T. Flint, of Ottumwa, Iowa, made a brief call at this office Wednesday. He was on his way home having been visiting in Texas and the western part of the state. In 1877 he founded the Arkansas Valley Democrat, in Great Bend, this being the pioneer democratic paper in the west.—Wyandotte Herald.

When the Water Works whistle blows now it has a joyful merry ring, all because of a fine baby girl who came last week to brighten the home of T. R. McElroy, the faithful engineer. The arrival of the little one will also be celebrated as the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. McElroy.

A traveling man who was in Kansas City at the time the Kansas editors met there says: "I went into a saloon and complained that the place smelled like a drug store." "Fixed it that way a purpose," replied the bartender. "Kansas editors in town and I want 'em to feel at home."

Sim Ewalt came up Sunday night from Pond Creek, Ok., where he has charge of the Badger Lumber Co's. business. After next—well, after a certain event in which one of Great Bend's handsome young ladies figures quite prominently—he will locate at Medicine Lodge.

A prospecting party for the CANADIAN NORTHWEST passing through MINNESOTA and DAKOTA will leave Great Bend the first week in May. Anyone wanting a pleasant trip and free land should join the party. For information, apply to M. Gillmore.

It has leaked out that the next time a certain Mr. Russell, of the 2nd ward, builds a cellar wall he will be sure that the hole is big enough to hold a barrel of apples—or things like that.

If Dick Gillsman does not raise onions this season it will be because he ran out of oil for his lantern.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

"The Greek! the Greek!" Bully for the Greek.

Dirt is flying on the irrigation ditch in great shape.

Notice the change in Chas. Lundblade's ad this week.

Some corn was planted in this county two weeks ago and over.

Ellen Peugh and wife, of Hoisington, were in the city Monday.

The two eldest Misses Welles left for the east Monday morning.

Peter Damm, of south of Pawnee Rock, was in the city Saturday.

Any man who attends strictly to his own business has a good steady job.

Dan Carey, the Clafin liveryman, was over to the county seat Monday.

Mrs. C. L. Zutavern is spending the week visiting her parents at Larned.

F. D. Wilson is able to be out again, after being laid up the past week or more.

Our devil says: "No gentleman should swear before a lady—let the lady swear first."

Mrs. Alexander, of Council Grove, Kas., is visiting with T. R. McElroy and family.

Mrs. Smith, mother of Prof. E. B. Smith, came home from Lawrence Saturday evening.

Will Culver was home Saturday to look after shipping his goods to Topeka, his future home.

The G. N. & E. R. Moses eagle has been sent over to Hoisington to astonish the natives.

There can be seen a whole lot of new faces in town any day now, since the ditch began.

Mr. and Mrs. Ovid Butler, west of town, had a big baby girl born unto them last Wednesday.

Since somebody gave the guttersnipe editor a plug of a horse, his jokes all bring forth a horse laugh.

G. O. Hanson and family left for Winfield, Kansas, Tuesday morning, on a weeks visit to relatives.

J. R. Hayes came out from Iowa, Saturday, to look after getting in some spring crops on his farms here.

H. W. Brockemohle and son, Ed., and ladies were shopping in Great Bend Monday, from Ellinwood.

"Fluce" Tullis, one of the active members of the Rabbit's Foot Club, is developing quite a musical talent.

W. M. Lewis, Pawnee Rock's new mayor, meets all strangers at the train, and has a welcoming smile for all.

A young son of Peter Deal, of near Verbeck, who was kicked by a horse recently, is still in a bad condition.

A number of neighbors and friends gave Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Raser an agreeable surprise party Saturday evening.

Farmer Roy Putnam says he will commence listing in corn this week—will put in 200 acres for his first crop.

Mrs. Melis and son Frank, were down from LaCrosse the first of the week, returning home Monday evening.

It did not rain Easter Sunday; but just the same, we will have some good rains during the latter part of April.

Pasture is late this spring, and some of the men who burned their straw last year will wish they had not done so.

Everybody (except the editor, who has not yet found a stand-off with a new spring hat in it) was out to church Sunday.

See C. Q. Newcomb's announcement of nursery stock and then see Mr. Newcomb when you want anything in his line.

Grant Alden of this city, last week moved to Burdette, where he and his wife will take charge of the section house.

Frank Martin, of Lacon, Ills., has been in the county a few days, looking after land interests in Barton and Pawnee counties.

The Ellinwood Advocate is authority for the statement that Alex McTaggart will hang out his shingle as an attorney at law, in Ellinwood.

When streams of water are running all over Barton county from the big canal our people will wonder why they did not do it long ago.

The doubting Thomases who were worrying about the ditch not being a go, may now go off and hunt a good place to kick themselves.

Kueffer Bros. gave a magic lantern show in the opera house Thursday and Friday evenings. The pictures were

good, but the boys say the singing reminded them of the agonizing wails of a dying calf.

Lester Bailey, with his usual crop of whiskers that make him look natural once more, was over to spend Sunday with his brother Bob.

Miss Amy Matthewson was taken suddenly with a fainting spell during Easter Services Sunday, at the Congregational church.

Miss Julia Miller left for Topeka Monday on receipt of a telegram announcing the dangerous illness of her sister, Mrs. Kittle Tracy.

DWELLING FOR SALE—3 room house with kitchen; 150 feet frontage Lots 1, 2 and 3, Block 137.

MATH WEBBER.

Call at this office, or upon any of our representatives for prices on job work of all kinds. We are satisfied we can please you in that line.

Governor Leedy says we had better be sending corn from Kansas to the Mississippi flood sufferers, rather than to India. We think so too.

Ringling Bros'. big circus is headed for Great Bend. It will be here about the middle of May. Watch the DEMOCRAT for its announcement.

We expect soon to have a local representative of the DEMOCRAT at Omitz. We have a large list of readers in that locality, and want as many more.

Sewing Machines, warranted for five years, \$19. Drop head Machine at \$25. Come and see them—no pot metal.

THE GREAT BEND IMPLEMENT CO.

Saturday was a big day in town. The ladies were in to do their Easter shopping, and the gentlemen were in to see how pleased the ladies were.

Arthur Miller, the gentlemanly manager of the skimming station at Pawnee Rock, says they took in 10,350 pounds of milk at that station last Monday.

The surgeons, Lightfoot, Shaw and Connett amputated the foot of the colored boy, Jackson, who was injured at the Santa Fe depot, last Wednesday.

Every line of advertising in the DEMOCRAT is worthy your consideration. We are running no ads to fill space—every inch is alive, and up to business.

William Otte, of Buffalo township, was in town Saturday and called on the DEMOCRAT. He sold a fine draft stallion to a gentleman south of the river.

The weather and condition of the ground thus far this spring is wonderfully favorable for the planting of trees; and many young fruit trees have already been put out.

Ed F. Bues, who closed his school at Omitz last week, is now at home resting up. He gave each of his scholars a handsome souvenir as a token of his good feeling toward them.

Pawnee Rock merchants tell us that farmers from within a few miles of Larned come to Pawnee Rock to buy groceries and other staple goods. Poor old Larned is too slow for these times.

If you want to buy, sell or trade anything, say so in the DEMOCRAT. It will cost but a few cents, and you will thus make your wants known to more people than through all three of the other papers of Great Bend.

The good wishes of every citizen of the county go with Will Feder in his candidacy for the position of Division Commander, before the Division Encampment of the Sons of Veterans at Beloit, this week.

R. N. Tucker, of near Clafin, was in Great Bend Saturday. Dick says he came down to see if "prosperity" had struck us all spraddled out like it did his neighbor, Arnold, who was recently sold out by the sheriff.

The ladies of the M. E. church will give a "Free-Will Offering Social," at the home of Mr. Shanefelt, Tuesday evening, April 27th. Good program, with light refreshments. Everybody cordially invited.

Mrs. W. A. DUNN, Secy.

The reason given by a colored boy, in the city schools last week, why Great Bend will have double the population within a certain time, may be correct; but it will hardly do to encourage such candor in the public schools.

Every young married man should subscribe for his home paper. His wife probably had the pleasure of reading it at home and it would be heartless to deprive her of it after she is married. Then again it will make the home bright and happy, and the wife need not waste her time visiting the neighbors who take the home paper to find out what is going on.

KEEP AFTER THEM.

There seems to have been "boodling" in the recent state legislature, same as has been the disgraceful practice in Kansas for 10, these many years. The people did not expect so much of that kind of work out of a "reform" legislature, and we do not believe there was as much money used to bribe the mercenary as has been used in former years. The difference is, that the present parties in control of state affairs in Kansas have determined, apparently, to get after the boodlers and put them on the rack; while in former years our state officers and political managers have persistently winked at the crime and shielded the criminals. And some of the old line politicians still think that the things which were done to prevent legislation in the recent legislature were all right. The Tribune of this city, only a few weeks ago, had a long editorial upholding and even praising the lobbyists for their dirty work, saying that but for the influence of the lobbyists who hung about the legislative halls like hungry cormorants there might have been something done that the republicans did not want done. Doubtless their cause for jubilation was well founded.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any reader who has been keeping track of the proceedings of the investigating committee at Topeka that there was money used to corrupt both the senators and representatives last winter. Our fervent hope, and the hope of every honest man who desires to see fairness in legislative acts, purity of our public servants and a reform that is reform, is that there will be no weakening, no falling down by the men now in power, and no "whitewashing" of any man found guilty of either taking a bribe, or giving or offering to give one.

Thus far there are democrats, republicans and populists who are resting under foul charges, and the odium rests upon the three parties alike. If we are not mistaken in Governor Leedy's mettle, he will use every means at his command to hunt down the boodlers and run them to earth, so that eventually the people may feel that they can safely trust to the men they chose to represent them. Party policy should be less considered than public honesty. Boodlers and lobbyists should be driven out of the fair state of Kansas, and the present administration can make itself solid with the people by bravely keeping after them.

The populists are gloating over the fact that Carter Harrison was elected mayor of Chicago. Now that is an easy matter to explain. We all know that Chicago is full of foreigners who starved out of the old country, under free trade rule, and came to this country to vote for free trade and see if it would not starve them out of here and it undoubtedly would if they could only keep it in power a few years.—LaCrosse Clarion.

WHAT magnificent, grand, superb logic! What a stunning Fitzsimmons blow under the liver that argument! Those poor, starved foreigners of Chicago voted on local issues only when they voted last fall for McKinley protection and the single gold standard, did they? But at the city election this spring those same men cast their ballots on the national issue and voted for "free trade." What a dense ignorance must pervade the vicinity of our western neighbor, LaCrosse, that the Clarion can feed them on such "argument."

THE Stafford county populists are after Senator Armstrong of this district. Among resolutions condemning the legislature for many sins of commission and omission they give Senator Armstrong the following left-handed blow under the short ribs:

Resolved, That we condemn and denounce the legislative course of Senator Armstrong in every instance where such vote is in conflict with the letter and spirit of the Populist platform.

WHEN prices advance in this country, on account of the war in the east, our republican friends will herald such advance as their long promised wave of prosperity. See if they don't.